Jessica Rabbit Spanks Alice the Angel
By Yu May and Spidersans

The red car trolley jostled as it crossed over into Toon Town, as a chorus of animated flora and fauna performed “Happy Days are Here Again.” A buxom tour guide cleared her throat, then pulled out index cards to read a prepared speech in a stiff voice. “Welcome to Toon Town! Since the silent movie era, toons have brought joy to families around the globe.”

A rabbit and a cat smacked against the front window of the Trolley with such force, they turned as flat as pancakes. The tour guide squeaked and dropped her note cards.

One of the passengers pointed. “Hey! We just hit a guy!”

Fumbling with her disorganized cards, the tour guide glanced over her shoulder. “No worries, folks, that’s normal around here. Oh, look! We’ve just ran over two of the biggest stars in Toon Town! This is Oswald the Lucky Rabbit and this is Felix the Cat! They’ve been in the game longer than even Mickey Mouse!”

The Death Star appeared in the sky, wearing Mickey Mouse ears, and charged a blast to decimate the entire Trolley car. An A.I. generated version of Darth Vader’s voice blared over a galactic megaphone. “You have made an unauthorized reference to Uncle Walt’s intellectual property. Prepare to be served with a Cease and Desist, rebel scum!”

“Aw, crud! Not again!” wailed the hapless tour guide, as she kicked the lever to send the trolley car rocketing into space to evade a laser blast.

As the trolley car went screaming past an apartment building, with a squadron of Disney-owned Tie Fighters in hot pursuit, Roger Rabbit poked his head out a window, standing on a wobbling pile of suitcases. “Goodness! Sounds like someone’s trying to set up an establishing scene for an action cartoon.”

Jazz music played as Jessica Rabbit appeared behind Roger and wrapped her arms around his head. “Hopefully one with plenty of sex and violence. Now, is there anything you’ve forgotten, my darling?”

Roger Rabbit looked up at his wife with a goofy, buck-toothed grin, before stumbling and sending the suitcases flying in every direction. “Sonnova-guy-named-Mitch! I’m late! I’m late! Let’s see, I’ve got my whoopie cushions, my seltzer, my Acme hand-buzzer, my Marx Brothers costumes, my collapsable emergency birthday cake with dynamite for candles…but I forgot my toothbrush! I’m going to miss my train to *World’s Funniest Toon!*”

Jessica Rabbit pulled a mini handbag from her bosom. “Not to worry, my love, I packed you an emergency go-bag. And here is your ticket.”

Roger Rabbit's eyes bugged out of his head as he saw the suitcase. "Jessica, what would I do without you? I'd forget my head if it wasn't attached to my shoulders!"

Roger pressed down on his head with a single index finger, until his head disappeared like a turtle withdrawing into its shell. Jessica hugged Roger so tight, his head popped back up. "I will miss you, my love. Go knock 'em dead. I'll be watching and rooting for you!"

As hearts appeared in Roger Rabbit's eyes, his bow tie spun like a pinwheel. "Are you sure you don't want to join the act, Jessica? You know what they say, the family that chuckles together…wait, what is the rest of that saying? It's on the top of my head."

Roger tapped his head, then stuck out his tongue and examined it. "Or is it on the tip of my tongue?"

Jessica giggled, then shook her head. "I'd love nothing more than to do our James Bond on a Motorboat act with you…but you forget. It's a single-toon-act competition, and the competition for tickets was…pretty stiff. I'm so sorry, I wish I could be there to support you in person."

Roger blew a raspberry. "Oh, don't be a sour puss! As long as you're inside my big heart, you're always with me, no matter where I go!"

Jessica picked up her husband and gave him a big kiss on the lips. Roger's ears twisted into a tight knot, then spiraled like helicopter blades. Steam billowed out his ears, and his eyes spun like a slot machine to reveal hearts. Jessica patted his head. "I am so happy to be married to the sweetest, funniest, most kind-hearted toon in the world."

"Jessica, your voice is like an angel's song in my heart. What did I ever do to win you?"

"Don't be silly! You make me laugh, of course!"

A car horn beeped sharply, followed by the unmistakable voice of a New-York cab driver. "Ey! Roger! Let's go already! Meter's running!"

Roger tripped over every single object in his path to reach the window. "Coming, Benny!"

As William Tell's overture played, Roger Rabbit zipped up and down the stairs, until every piece of luggage was stuffed into the cab. Roger clapped the dust off his hands as he examined the clean apartment floor. "There, that's the last of it! Now, there's only one more thing I've forgotten…my goodbye kiss!"

The moment they finished the kiss, Jessica heard a car horn blaring, shrieked, and pointed out the window. "Roger! You forgot to get in your cab!"

Roger screamed, and dove out the window, leaving a crater in the pavement below, before stumbling out of the hole and waving at the cab as it flew down the road. “Benny! Wait a minnit!”

Roger’s feet spiraled like a hamster wheel, before he took off after the cab, leaving a dust cloud behind in the perfect shape of his own silhouette, passing a confused looking Roadrunner, Speedy Gonzales, and Sonic the Hedgehog in his wake. “Waaiiiit uuuup!”

Jessica waved as she watched the rabbit of her dreams disappear into the sunset. “Well, Jessica, now you have a whole week to yourself…What to do, oh, what to do? I suppose I could tidy up our…home?”

As she glanced around, Jessica sighed. Every square inch of the apartment was sparkling clean. Then a light bulb appeared over her head, and she pulled a smartphone out of her bosom. “Well, might as well try this new-fangled phone Roger got me. Still don’t see what was wrong with the old rotaries.”

Jessica called Betty Boop, but her assistant, Bimbo the dog answered. Just in case anyone watching the show didn’t know who Betty Boop and Bimbo are, the animators helpfully drew a split-screen to show both sides of the conversation.

Bimbo the Dog picked up the receiver from an antique two-piece candlestick phone. He accidentally held the earpiece to his mouth, and the mic to his ear. “Hello? Operator?”

“Bimbo? It’s Jessica Rabbit.”

Bimbo stiffened as he corrected his hold on the phone. “Jessica? You’re working as an operator to make ends meet now?”

“Oh, Bimbo, they don’t hire telephone operators anymore.”

“Really? Must be one of those union gigs.”

“Is Betty available?”

“I wish! She’s married. If she was available, I’d ask her out all over again. Betty Boo-boo? It’s for you!”

Betty Boop accepted the phone, without pausing from applying her makeup. “Jessica? Is that you, Rabbit Ears?”

“Afraid so, Boopy.”

“Darling! How is Roger? Ready to sweep the competition on *World’s Funniest Toon* tomorrow?”

“So you’ve guessed. His appearance is supposed to be a big surprise!”

“Yes, but that’s the beauty of reality TV. It’s the only thing in Toon Town that’s predictable! Don’t worry though, I’m planning to be calling in to vote for Roger as early and as often as I can. But I doubt you called little old me just to brag about your fella. What is it, baby? Talk to me!”

“Well, with Roger out of town for the week, how about we get together? Have a girls’ night out?”

Betty Boop shook her head. “Oop, oop, ba-doops! Sorry, Jessica, I’m just about to head to Tinsel Town myself. I finally got a new gig!”

“That’s wonderful! What’s the picture?”

“Oh, not a flick. I’m filming…commercials…for a boot company. I’m sorry, Jessica, I know it sounds like an excuse, but I really need the work.”

Jessica paused. Of course, work had been slow for Jessica and Roger since the 2000s. But Betty Boop had been struggling to find gigs since the late 40s. “Don’t be sorry. I’m really happy for you. Roger and I are having the same trouble. I haven’t had a call since the *Playboy* cover in November 1988.”

“Say, if you want a girl’s night, you should call Daisy Duck!”

Jessica shook her head as she examined her Daisy Duck brand purse. “Thought of that. She’s overseas promoting her new accessory line.”

“Maybe Minnie Mouse?”

“She and Mickey are filming that preschool show for Disney Plus. Plus you know how Disney corporate gets whenever those two have a big anniversary coming up.”

“Good gracious! They’ll never let those two retire! Makes me glad I’m almost in the public domain…Hnn, what about Minerva Mink? She knows how to cut loose.”

Jessica sniffed. “Boy, does she. I’m not talking to Minerva right now.”

“Ooh? Got some gossip to spill on Minerva? Do tell! What’d that minxish mink do?”

Jessica groaned. “While Roger and I were trying to have a lovely picnic in the park, she strolled up, looking tipsy, and tried to…*seduce* my husband.”

“Get out!”

“It’s true! She kept bouncing circles around him, leaving behind a bunch of heart-shaped craters in the grass in the shape of her posterior. Then she chased him around the park like she was Penelope Pussycat going after Pepé le Pew!”

“That’s terrible! I assume Roger manfully resisted her advances.”

“Oh, of course he was a perfect gentleman! But poor Roger was so flummoxed. You know how nervous he gets.”

“Well, shame on Minerva! She ought to get a good spanking for that! I suppose she’d been imbibing too much of the sauce?”

Jessica nodded, stroking her chin at the thought. “Oh, don’t worry…when I got my hands on Minvera, I sobered her up right with a darn good spanking. I suppose she didn’t mean any harm by it. But I’m determined to be cross with her for at least a week before I let bygones be bygones. So, looks like I’m in for a quiet week.”

“May I make a suggestion? Why not call up Alice?”

Jessica blinked. “From Wonderland? I think the Disney-nazis are putting her nose to the grindstone too.”

“No, no! Alice Angel! From *Bendy and the Ink Machine*?”

“...Alice…Angel? Isn’t she that video game character who crashed the Annie Awards? Ranting conspiracy theories about how she and her boyfriend had been around since the Golden Age of Animation?”

“Oh, you mustn’t judge her for that. Plenty of video game characters get confused when they first arrive in Toon Town. Especially when they’re drawn all ‘retro.’ You ask me, the Rubber-hose Club is dying for some young blood. Who cares if all the rubber-hose toons get their start in video games these days? Half of us got our start in comics!”

“How open-minded of you. Then I take it you’d like me to take Alice under my wing? Show her some of the night life she’s been missing in Toon Town?”

“As long as it ain’t one of those X-rated districts. I’ve only managed to get Alice comfortable with the scene in the PG-district, and even that’s pushing in. Really, Jessica, she’s a big sweet heart. Incorruptible.”

“All right. That’s good enough for me. I have her number from the Annies. Since her boyfriend is competing against Roger for *World’s Funniest Toon*, we have the perfect excuse to have a watch party. Call me when you get back, Betty. Love you!”

As she struggled to make out Jessica's garbled voice over, Betty yelled into her antique phone. "Eh? What's that? I need you to speak up! Hello? Operator? Oooh! Stupid twenty-first century tele-o-phones!"

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After trying to call Alica Angel, Jessica was surprised when the call suddenly dropped and she received a text.

"sry can't talk right now," wrote Alice.

Jessica sighed as she started to type. "Alice, it's Jessica Rabbit. Remember me from the Annies? Since Bendy and Roger are both competing this year, I thought it'd be nice for us to get together and watch the show together. Think of it as a 'friendly rival' night. My treat. What do you say?"

"oh wow that's so generous…ok"

An hour later, Jessica strolled down the central avenue of Toon Town, all eyes turning to follow her. As Jessica passed the Big Bad Wolf and Red Hot Riding Hood (as drawn by Tex Avery), Red Hot Riding Hood turned to wolf whistle at Jessica's behind. "Awooo! How old is she?"

The Big Bad Wolf looked hurt. "Red, behave yourself!"

Red Hot Riding Hood clung tight to the Big Bad Wolf's arm. "Oh? I'm sorry, schnookums. Want to spank me later to teach me a lesson?"

As steam poured from his ears like a tea kettle, every inch of the Big Bad Wolf turned bright red, even his zoot suit. "Red! Don't joke like that in public!"

Leaving the happy couple behind, Jessica arrived at The Brown Derby of Toon Town. It was the very same joint featured in the Mickey Mouse cartoon *Fun and Fancy Free,* where the entire restaurant was picked up by a giant and worn as a hat.

As Jessica strolled into The Brown Derby, she found it was densely packed, and strangely silent. All eyes were on Jessica.

At a small table, Alice Angel waved her hand. "Yoo hoo, Jessica? Over here! I saved us a couple's spot! …Sorry, standing room only."

As all eyes turned back and forth from Alice Angel to Jessica Rabbit, a jazzy saxophone player set the proper mood. Alice Angel was drawn like most heroines from the Golden Age of Animation, wearing the sort of simple, modest black dress that she somehow managed to make look as dazzling as any ballgown. "It's good to see–"

Jessica smiled and pulled Alice into a hug, but thanks to her Amazonian height, Alice found her face nuzzled right between Jessica's two bombshell-girl breasts. "Alice Angel! It's been too long!"

The Warner Brothers, Yakko Warner and Wakko Warner paused in the middle of stuffing their mouths with pastries. Crumbs flew as Yakko and Wakko struggled to wolf whistle at Jessica. "Mmoafh! Hewooo nnnurth!"

The Warner Brothers' little Sister, Dot Warner, appeared between them, and flicked each of them on the head. "Boys! It's impolite to do the Hello Nurse routine when your mouths are full."

Jessica patted Alice gently across her back. "Now that you've had a warm welcome, let's get your first girls' night officially started!"

Despite being a black and white cartoon, Alice was still clearly blushing as she pulled away from the tender embrace. "Oh, you're too kind! Bendy and I love the work you did with Elstree Studios. Really groundbreaking stuff."

"And how is that little Devil? He'd better not be planning to jump scare my Roger. Poor baby's liable to have a heart attack."

"Oh, I'm sure he and Boris the Wolf are getting into trouble in the Green Room. Knowing Bendy, he's looking for a way to cheat his way to victory."

"So long as it's funny, it's not cheating. I don't suppose any upstanding gentlemen might be willing to offer up a couple of seats for a couple of ladies?"

Two chairs eagerly hopped into view. Once upon a time, both of them had been extras in *Beauty and the Beast*. As Alice and Jessica settled down onto their seats, the two chairs seemed to sigh with pure bliss.

As Jessica pulled out her purse, Alice's eyes went wide. "Is that…a Daisy Duck Designer?"

Jessica batted her eyelashes. "Hmm? Oh, this old thing? It was a gift from Daisy."

Alice Angel cleared her throat. The image of the purse reflected in her wide eyes, before she shook her head with such force, her skull rattled like a cow bell.

As the Felix the Cat cartoon clock ticked away the minutes, Alica and Jessica chatted about the ins-and-outs of the cartoon business. When the waiter brought their check, Alice fumbled for her wallet. "You've been so kind! Let me pick up the…check?"

A moth flew out of Alice's wallet, before the wallet itself choked, and spoke with a raspy voice. "Say, doll-face, bum me a cigarette?"

As Alice shrieked, she dropped her wallet.

Jessica casually passed off her credit card to the waiter. "Now, Alice! I said it was my treat!"

As Alice bent over to retrieve her wallet, her posterior was presented to a wide-eyed Yakko and Wakko Warner. Yakko's jaw dropped onto the table, before he snapped it back into place with the ring of a typewriter. "Wakko, are you pondering what I'm pondering?"

"I think so, Yakko. But this gag really only works when Pinky and the Brain do it."

Yakko raised his hand over Alice's writing backside. "Of course. So we really should stick to…*slapstick*."

Wakko raised an eyebrow at the sight of Alice's behind, then raised his hand high. "You'd have us sink to the lowest form of comedy? That's disgusting! I'm in!"

Just as the Warner Brothers raised their arms as high as they could possibly reach, Dot appeared behind them and knocked them both out with wooden mallets.

At the sound, Alice Angel twisted to look behind her, her backside still poking high in the air.

Dot giggled sheepishly, before dragging her starry-eyed brothers out the door. "Pardon my brothers. Boys, am I right?"

Alice straightened up, clutching her wallet. "What was that all about?"

Jessica wrapped an arm around Alice and escorted her out. "Don't mind them. Just some TV-Y7 antics, with an emphasis on the seven. Let me show you the Rabbit abode. We'll be just in time for the premiere of *World's Funniest Toon*."

As they entered the apartment, Alice's Eyes went wide as she took in the whole scene. The walls were covered with accolades and mementos. "Wow! You and Roger must have been collecting these since the Golden Age of animation!"

Jessica leaned in to whisper. "Actually, can you keep a secret? Roger and I only got our first big break in the late 80s. There was a renewed appetite for animated theatrical shorts in Hollywood."

"Really? Wait, I thought your biopic was set in the 1940s?"

"Darling…that was the Hollywood version. They took artistic license."

Suddenly, Jessica's phone rang. "It's Roger! Pardon me for a moment, darling. This shouldn't take long. Unless Roger's feeling mushy and wrote me one of his 99-verse love sonnets again."

Alice shooed Jessica out of the room. "Go talk to your man!"

When Alice found herself alone, she saw Jessica's Daisy Duck Designer purse sitting alone on the living room table. Ominous classical music began to play on the television.

Alice shielded her eyes to block out the tempting sight. "No, Alice! It's Jessica's purse! It doesn't belong to you!"

With a poof, a little red devil and a little blue angel both appeared on one of Alice's shoulders. Both resembled Alice, apart from their costumes.

The red devil filed her pointy nails. "Oh, c'mon, doll face! You know you want it, so just take it. I'm sure that spoiled strumpet Jessica has plenty."

The blue angel flopped over Alice's shoulder, shaking her fist. "Don't listen to that devil, Alice. You are good-natured, and pure of heart! Do not let your desires overtake you!"

The red devil threw her nail file at the angel. "Oh, shut up, will you? God! Do we really have to be a goody, goody, two shoes all the damn time?"

The blue angel rolled up her sleeve. "Well, *someone* has to be to set a good example for her! And Alice doesn't need to take advice from someone who dresses like a hooker!"

The red devil stood and gracefully showed off her curves. "You're just jealous. If you had something to show off, you would too!"

The blue angel's face turned red, to match the devil. "That doesn't make any sense! We're both the same person, you filthy bitch!"

"Oooh, a curse word? See, I knew there was a little bad girl in you!"

The blue angel pulled out a wooden paddle decorated with the words, "Divine Retribution." "Oh, that's it! Come here, you devil! It's time for a good spanking!"

The red devil pulled out a riding crop, and slapped her own rear end with it. "Is that a promise, Miss Holy Roller?"

The blue angel tackled the red devil, and both went rolling onto the floor. They each grabbed each other by the hair and reached around to deliver spanks their opponent.

Alice stared at the purse, and realized the choice was hers and hers alone. “Hmm…fine.”

Alice carefully unzipped the purse, and removed the contents, laying them out neatly. “I won’t steal anything else. After all, if Jessica is friends with Daisy, I’m sure she can get another purse easily, so she’ll never miss this old thing. Man, I’m so good I took that online philosophy class on situational ethics.”

By this point, the blue angel had wrestled the red devil across her lap, her holy paddle raised high in the air. “Wait, what’d I miss?”

The red devil cackled, before she was cut off by a stroke from the holy paddle. “Mwah, ha, ha! Victory is mine! …Ow! My butt!”

Zipping up the purse, Alice looked for a place to stash it, only for Jessica to reemerge in the living room. Quickly, Alice hid the purse behind her back. Then she second guessed herself, and stuffed it down the front of her dress.

Jessica shook her head, cradling her phone as if she wanted to kiss the image of Roger’s face on her screen. “Good for you! Now, be careful around that devilish rogue Bendy. And send me pictures whenever you do something funny behind the scenes…and I love you, too! Buh bye! Sorry about the interruption, Alice. Why don’t we…”

Jessica looked Alice up and down. “Alice? Your face is white as a sheet!”

Alice swallowed a lump in her throat. “W-well…I’m a black and white cartoon, after all! I’d love to stay and chat but, I just remembered…I need to go home and…uh, come up with a list of excuses!”

“You mean for a wordplay routine? I thought you and Bendy did your act with minimal dialogue?”

“We’re trying a new direction! Less Charlie Chaplin, more Abbot and Costello. I hear kids these days love dialogue-heavy cartoons meant for long attention spans.”

Jessica frowned. “Really? But you only just arrived. I could always help you…brainstorm?”

Jessica spotted her effects laid out neatly on the table, and rounded on Alice. “Alice, have you seen my purse?”

Alice’s yanked at the door handle, and found the door shut tight. “Um…I’m not seeing your purse, at this precise moment.”

As she towered over Alice, Jessica crossed her arms. “And have you perhaps seen my purse at any prior, given moment?”

Alice yanked harder at the handle, pressing her feet against the door in a vein attempt to pry it open. “Um, I’ve certainly seen your purse in the past, but the answer could still be yes or no, depending on the specific, prior given moment?”

“That isn’t a pull door. You’re supposed to push.”

Alice glanced down at the stubborn door, then sheepishly set her feet back down. “Silly me! I was never good at getting my way out of a trap. I could get lost in a cardboard–”

Jessica stuffed her hand down the front of Alice’s dress. Jessica reached so far, her entire arm disappeared down Alice’s bosom, up to the armpit. “Ah ha! There you are!”

With a sharp pop, Jessica pulled her purse free from Alice’s bosom.

Alice hung her head. “All right, you got me bang to rights. I stole from you.”

Jessica shook her head. “Alice Angel, I can't believe you. You tried to steal something that is precious to me. And worst of all, you lied to me!"

Alice tapped her index fingers together. “Um, wouldn’t that be considered more of a lie by omission?”

“I dunno. Should Angels be doing any sort of lying and stealing? What if there are impressionable children watching?”

Alice flinched. “You’re absolutely right…I'm really sorry. This isn't me. I don't know what came over me. I promise this will never happen again. I promise to make it up to you. Please forgive me!"

Jessica Rabbit sniffed. But as she looked down on Alice’s abashed expression, Jessica’s bountiful bosom heaved with compassion. “I'll tell you what Alice. I will forgive you, but I'm gonna need you to do something to pay off the price of what you tried to steal."

Alice nodded, folding her hands as if in prayer. “Oh yes, anything. I'll pay for the cost of the purse…somehow. Whatever you want from me, it’s all yours!"

Jessica pulled a little green chair from the table and sat down, patting her lap. “Aptly put. In that case, I want your naughty little bottom. But don’t worry, I only plan to borrow it…for a few hours. Then you can have it back! Come lie across my lap!”

Alice paused for 9 full seconds. Then her eyes bugged out, and her white face burned to a darker shade of grey that clearly represented blushing.

Alice covered her bottom with both hands. “Wait, you’re not going to…*spank* me, are you?”

Jessica clicked her tongue, shaking her head. “Nah-uh-ah! You said you would give me anything I want, as payment for the purse. And I want to spank you.”

Alice tip-toed toward Jessica’s lap. “I did say that, but maybe we could consider alternative–”

But before Alice could start to filibuster, Jessica grabbed her by the wrist and gently tugged her forward, and right across her lap.

Alice twisted to look over her shoulder, shaking her head. "Oh, please, Jessica, please please! Don't spank me!"

But Jessica only lifted Alice’s skirt up to reveal lacey black and white panties. “I’m sorry, Alice, but naughty girls like you need parental guidance…”

Alice’s butt trembled. “...But–but–but!”

Jessica patted Alice’s bottom. “Goodness, these things look like they were painted on. I own a pair just like these, though I usually only wear them on our Anniversary night. Now, Alice, I think you know you’ve been naughty. There’s no point denying it any longer. It’s obvious from this lingerie that you have a hidden naughty side. This bottom’s practically begging to be spanked. Don’t you agree?”

Alice tried to shake her head, but as she felt Jessica’s gentle love pats, she pursed her lips and covered her bottom with both hands, her palms upwards. “Please, don’t look! I know it’s not appropriate attire for an angel. It’s just…Bendy got them for me, and they’re so comfortable!”

Jessica lightly brushed aside Alice’s hand as she stroked her buttocks, then squeezed. “I see…and they look heavenly on you. Like a ray of light between two, fluffy clouds!”

Alice squealed. “What are you doing?”

Jessica pulled lightly at Alice’s buttock, mesmerized at how her cheeks jiggled and bounced back into place as she released her grip. “Waiting for you to be a brave girl and stop trying to cover your bottom. There’s nothing like a little massage to help a girl relax, and prepare for a spanking. Just a little trick I picked up from Roger!”

Alice tightened her grip on her buttocks, then moaned. As she heard the sound of her own moan, Alice squeaked and covered her mouth with both hands.

Jessica nodded as she saw Alice finally remove her hands from her bottom. “That’s more like it. Now we can finally have these off.”

As Jessica glided Alice's underpants down, a heavenly choir of cartoon baby cherubim began to sing in harmony from on high.

The moment Jessica looked up, the cherubs vanished with a poof. "What was that?"

Alice lowered her hands slightly to murmur. "Oh, just a music cue. Happens every time I get dressed."

Jessica nodded and fondled Alice's upturned, lily white bottom. "For such a dainty angel, you've got quite the caboose. It's a shame I'll have to put this bottom through hell."

"Hold on, new deal! What if you just…manhandle me some more? I'm sure the abject humiliation will be punishment enough for trying to steal your–"

Jessica cut off Alice's bargaining with the first crisp, resounding smack! Ignoring Alice's yelp, Jessica began to deliver a firm spanking at a steady pace.

After the first 10 slaps, Alice caught her breath enough to begin pleading. "Owie! Owie! Please stop–ow! OUCH! Ahh!"

Alice shook her head with such force, her breasts jiggled, and she kicked her legs, her buttocks jiggled as well. With a derisive sniff, Jessica brought her hand down with extra force, taking Alice by surprise. Alice stiffened, then she felt a shiver travel up and down her spine along with a second wave of pain. "Aaahaaa!"

"Really, Alice. We've only just begun. Just grit your teeth, and take your spanking, like a good girl."

Alice clenched her jaw, trying to clear her mind and pray for heavenly guidance. But as Jessica began to spank again, harder and faster this time, the spanking overwhelmed Alice's concentration. "Aargh! I can't bear it!"

Jessica landed a resounding clap, and paused only for a moment. "Don't worry. I've already bared it for you!"

Then Jessica began to spank again, holding back very slightly. She didn't want to bruise or scar Alice, but Jessica had to admit, she liked watching the sight of Alice's ass bounce and jiggle, slowly flushing to a true red. "Ah, I see we're finally adding some real color to these cheeks."

The words "Color Provided by: Technicolor" floated above and below Alice's black-and-white bottom as it flushed red all over.

Encouraged by the sign, Jessica began to spank with renewed vigor. "You know, it's almost as if I can hear this ass speaking to me. It's as if it's saying–"

A silent-movie-era placard interrupted the show, with the words, “More! More! Please, spank me! Punish me more!”

Jessica blinked. “What was that?”

Alice wailed, pressing her hands against her burning face, which was now coloring red to match her backside. “Nothing! I didn’t say that out loud!”

As Alice kicked, one of her shoes flopped off, before the other went flying across the room. Jessice ducked to avoid the flying footwear. “I know this hurts, Alice, but this is for your own good…Try to stick it out!"

Jessica landed the next clap, and Alice howled. “Aaahhgh! Oowww, oooh, AH FUCK!!!"

Jessica paused.

Alice looked over her shoulder. “I'm so sorry, it just slipped out. I never swear, on my life!”

“Oh, honey, I was in PG movies back in the 1980s. We used that sort of language all the time.”

Alice bowed her head. “Still, I am an angel. I’m supposed to set a good example for kids. Would you consider adding some extras?”

Jessica nodded. “If you’re determined, then I’m happy to oblige. More spanking coming. This time, it’s just for swearing.”

Jessica landed 100 firm claps. By the end, two blobby teardrops welled up in Alice’s eyes, as if they were drawn by Studio Ghibli animators. Alice sniffled. “Is it…finally over?”

“Yes! I’ve finished spanking you for using profane language. Now I can finally finish spanking you for stealing.”

Alice’s eyes went wide. “Wuh, huh?”

Jessica leaned over, and scooped up a remote control on the living room table. “Which reminds me, *World’s Funniest Toon* is about to start. I’ll slow down the spanking whenever Bendy is performing, so you can watch.”

“You’re…gonna spank me the whole time we’re watching? But…but the premiere is supposed to last for over an hour!”

“Probably over two hours, with all the commercial breaks.”

The moment the theme song began to play, Jessica began to spank Alice again. Alice wailed loud and long, and the two tear drops spilled down her cheeks like two waterfalls, staining her mascara. By the time the end credits played, Alice had cried so much, the waterworks had run dry.

As Jessica rubbed soft circles across Alice's bottom, Alice looked up at the screen. She saw that Roger Rabbit and Bendy had advanced to the next round of the competition. "Aah…I'm so happy for them…Ooch…Owie…Please, Jessica, I'm sorry…No more…I'll be a good girl, I promise…Please, stop!"

Jessica patted Alice's bottom. "Well, since you asked so politely, I suppose you've had enough. Here, have a seat."

Alice flinched as she sat on Jessica's lap like a kid meeting Santa Clause. Alice couldn't help but wonder if she was still on the naughty list, even after her ordeal. Alice took shaky breaths as she cried on Jessica's shoulder. Jessica nodded and patted Alice's back.

As Alice felt a fresh twinge from her bottom, she flinched, and Jessica released her from the embrace. As Alice stood, she clutched her bottom, ignoring the stabbing pain. It was like trying to scratch a chafing itch, in a futile attempt to get a moment of relief. "Owie! My booty! My poor, toon booty!"

Jessica stood and pulled a pink tissue out of a box. "Would you like to blow your nose?"

Alice blew her nose in that over-the-top way all cartoon characters are supposed to, complete with a loud honk. Then she hugged Jessica, sniveling, nuzzling her face between Jessica's breasts.

Looking taken aback, Jessica patted Alice's head. "Oh dear, you're really broken up about this, aren't you?"

"Sniff…I'm a bad friend!"

Jessica reached around and stroked Alice's behind, cupping it into a perfect, red heart shape. "There, there. It's all over, Alice. You're okay…You're okay!" Jessica kissed Alice lightly on the cheek.

Alice wiped away the last of her mascara with the tissue. "Thank you, Jessica, for everything. You're a really good friend, and again, I am so sorry for what I did. Will you ever forgive me?"

Jessica smiled, then opened a closet door and bent over, searching for something. "Of course, I forgive you. I could never stay mad at you. Now, put your underwear back on. Then come with me, to the closet!"

Alice stiffened as she attempted to gingerly pull her underwear back up over her aching hindquarters. She wondered if the closet might double as a paddle closet. But when Jessica straightened up, she held up two purses, bearing the likeness of Daisy Duck. “Now, Alice, if you liked my purse, you should have told me. I have plenty, and to spare!”

Alice’s jaw dropped with such force, it made a cartoon anvil sound effect. “Wah, wah…who, what, how, when, where did you get all these?”

“I helped Daisy design this line. She sent me a box full of them along with my royalty check. I was originally planning to give one to all of my girlfriends for Christmas…including you. But after you’re little attempt at purse snatching, I’ve changed my mind.”

Alice bowed her head. “Oh…I see. You’re right. I don’t deserve such a–”

Jessica put a purse in Alice’s hand. “You clearly need this purse right now, to replace that old wallet.”

“F-for me?”

“For you, dear.”

Alice did a double take, then a triple take, then a quadruple take. “But after everything I did, why would you give me this?”

“Because I could tell how much you wanted it by the look in your eye. And perhaps I feel guilty for having a little too much fun with your backside. Consider it my way of thanking you…for spanking you!”

Alice jumped into Jessica’s arms. “Oh, thank you, thank you, Jessica. You're the bestest friend an indie-animated cartoon gal could ever ask for!"

This time, it was Jessica’s turn to find her face nuzzled between Alice’s perky, itty-bitty-titty-committee approved breasts. “You’re welcome. Now, it’s getting late. I’ll call ‘The One Cab Family’ for you. They’re the best cabbies in Toon Town.”

When the One Cab Family cab arrived, drawn by none other than Tex Avery himself, Jessica parted from Alice at the door. “Stay safe, Angel.”

“Will do, and thanks for the purse!”

Jessica leaned against the door frame. “Oh, and Alice? If you and Bendy ever want to have a little fun with Roger and me…just give me a call. We can have a game night…for adult cartoons…If you know what I mean?”

Clutching her chest, Alice froze, and turned to face Jessica. “You mean…like patty cake?”

Jessica gently glided her hands up her hips, then clapped her own bottom. “...And a little swing dancing. But if I step out of line next time…don’t be afraid to take the lead.”

Alice nodded. “Ooooh? But is Roger all right with me…taking his spot on the dance floor?”

“Oh, I’m sure he won’t mind. In fact, why don’t we call Roger tomorrow? He gets so nervous if I don’t have someone to babysit me, while he’s away.”

“And…what would my responsibilities be…as a babysitter?”

“Not much. Just make sure I don’t stay up past my bedtime. I’m sure Roger will give you permission to spank me, and send me to bed…assuming you’re up for the job.”

Alice nodded. “I’ll talk to Bendy about it. He doesn’t say much, but I have a feeling he’ll support my new career as a babysitter.”

Jessica cooed. “Ooh. Then I’ll have to be on my best behavior.”

“Say, isn’t it past your bedtime now?”

Jessica pouted. “...So what if it is? I don’t wanna go to bed.”

Alice turned Jessica around and landed a firm swat on her behind. “None of that whining, young lady. Straight to beddy-bye with you!”

Jessica yelped, and cradled her bottom. “...Yes, ma’am.”

Alice whistled as she approached her cab. Her own ass was still smarting, but Alice had a sneaky feeling that sooner or later, she’d have a chance to get a little divine retribution.

The End